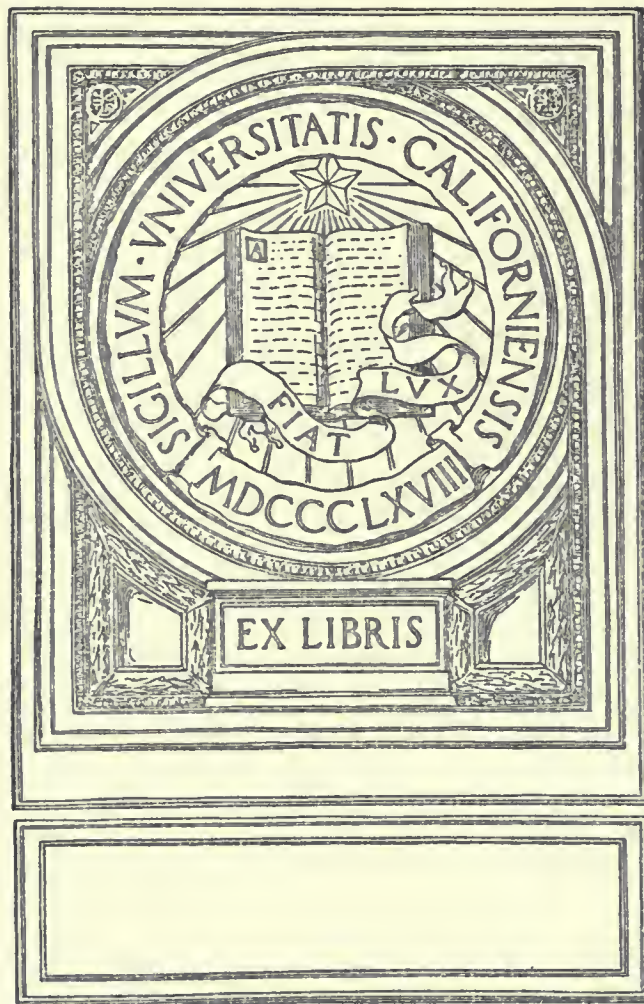
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THE BOOK OF OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

ILLUSTRATED IN
COLOUR BY
ELEANOR FORTESCUE
BRICKDALE



Valentine



*Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is !
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishoners.*

THE BOOK OF OLD ENGLISH SONGS & BALLADS

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BRICKDALE



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THE COMING OF SUMMER

SUMER is i-cumen in,
Loud sing, cuccu !
Groweth seed and bloweth mede
And springeth the wood nu.¹
Sing cuccu, cuccu !

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf cu,
Bulluc starteth, bucke darteth,
Merri sing, cuccu,
Cuccu, cuccu !

Well sings thou, cuccu,
No blame thou ever knew,
Sing, cuccu, nu !¹
Sing cuccu, cuccu,
Sing cuccu nu !

ANON.
(13th century.)

¹ now.

MERCILESS BEAUTY

YOUR two eyes will slay me suddenly,
I may the beauty of them not sustain,
So woundeth it throughout my heartè keen ;

And but your word will healen hastily
My heartès woundè, while that it is green,
*Your two eyes would slay me suddenly,
I may the beauty of them not sustain.*

Upon my trouthe, I tell you faithfully
That you be of my life and death the queen ;
For with my death the trouthè shall be seen.
*Your two eyes will slay me suddenly,
I may the beauty of them not sustain,
So woundeth it through all my heartè keen.*

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

A HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID

FIRST GRACE

BEAUTIES, have you seen this toy,
Callèd Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind ;
Cruel now, and then as kind ?
If he be amongst ye, say ?
He is Venus' runaway.

SECOND GRACE

She that will but now discover
Where the wingèd wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How, or where herself would wish :
But, who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

THIRD GRACE

He hath marks about him plenty :
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

14 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

FIRST GRACE

At his sight, the sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned ;
Hell hath felt a greater heat ;
Jove himself forsook his seat :
From the centre to the sky,
Are his trophies reared high.

SECOND GRACE

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights and heart,
But not stay in any part ;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself, in kisses.

THIRD GRACE

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shaft ; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

FIRST GRACE

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food ;
And his baths their warmest blood :
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

SECOND GRACE

Trust him not ; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet,
All his practice is deceit ;
Every gift it is a bait ;
Not a kiss but poison bears ;
And most treason in his tears.

THIRD GRACE

Idle minutes are his reign ;
Then, the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys :
'Tis the ambition of the elf,
To have all childish as himself.

FIRST GRACE

If by this ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

SECOND GRACE

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him,

THIRD GRACE

Since you hear his falser play ;
And that he's Venus' runaway.

BEN JONSON.

CHEVY CHASE

THE FIRST FYTTE

THE Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
At Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
He said he would kill, and carry them away :
'By my faith,' said the doughty Douglas again,
'I will let that hunting if that I may.'

Then Percy out of Banborowe came,
With him a mighty many ;
With fifteen hundred archers bold,
They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviot the hills so hie :
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.



A hue and cry after cupid. Page 13.

THE
OF
CALIFORNIA



The drivers throwe the woodès went
For to raise the deer ;
Bowmen bickarte ¹ upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild ² thorowe the woods went
On every side shear ;
Greyhounds thorowe the groves glent
For to kill their deer.

This began in Cheviot the hills above
Early on a Monnyn-day ;
By that it drew to the hour of noon
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
They 'sembled on sydis shear ³ ;
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the bryttlynge ⁴ of the deer.

He said, ' It was the Douglas' promise
This day to meet me here ;
But I wist he would fail, verament ' ⁵ :
A great oath the Percy swear.

At the last a squire of Northumberland
Looked at his hand full nigh ;
He was 'ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty many,

¹ ran about over the rough grass.

² wild deer.

³ on all sides.

⁴ cutting up.

⁵ verily.

18 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

Both with spear, bill and brand—

It was a mighty sight to see ;
Hardier men both of heart nor hand
Were not in Christiante.

There were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail ;
They were born a-long by the water of Tweed,
In the bounds of Teviotdale.

‘Leave off the bryttlyng of the deer,’ he said,
‘And to your bows look ye take good heed ;
For never sith ye were on your mothers borne
Had ye never so mickle need.’

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode at his men beforne ;
His armour glittered as did a glede¹ ;
A bolder barne was never born.

‘Tell me what men ye are,’ he says,
‘Or whose men that ye be ;
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
Cheviot Chase in the spite of me ?’

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy ;
‘We will not tell thee what men we are,’ he says,
‘Nor whose men that we be ;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In spite of thine and of thee.

¹ glowing coal.

‘The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have killed, and cast to carry them away.’
‘By my troth,’ said the doughty Douglas again,
‘Therefore the one of us shall die this day.’

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy :
‘To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas ! it were great pity.

‘But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl called within my country ;
Let all our men upon a parti stand,
And do the battle of thee and of me.’

‘Now Christ’s curse on his crown,’ said the Lord Percy,
‘Whosoever thereunto says nay !
By my troth, doughty Douglas,’ he says,
‘Thou shalt never see that day ;

‘Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him ; one man for one.’

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Wytharynton was his name :
‘It shall never be told in South-England,’ he says,
‘To King Henry the Fourth for shame.

20 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

‘I wat ye be great lordès twa,
I am a poor squire of land ;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself and look on ;
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not fail both heart and hand.’

That day, that day, that dreadful day :
The first fit here I find.
An’ you will hear anymore o’ the hunting o’ the Cheviot,
Yet is there more behind.

THE SECOND FYTTE

The Englishmen had their bows ybent,
Their hearts were good enough ;
The first of arrows that they shot off,
Seven score spearmen they sloughe.¹

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
A captain good enough ;
And that was seen verament,
For he wrought them both woe and wouche.²

The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a chief Chieftain of pride ;
With sure spears of mighty tree
They come in on every side.

¹ slew.

² mischief.

Thorowe our English archery
Gave many a wound full wide ;
Many a doughty they garde to die,¹
Which gainèd them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bowys be,
And pulled out brands that were bright ;
It was a heavy sight to see,
Bright swords on basenets² light.

Thorowe rich mail, and myneyeple,³
Many sterne⁴ they stroke down straight ;
Many a freyke,⁵ that was full free,
There under foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
Like to captains of might and main ;
They swapt together, till they both sweat,
With swords that were of fine Milan.

These worthy freykès for to fight
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basenets sprent,
As ever did hail or rain.

‘Hold thee, Percy,’ said the Douglas,
‘And i’ faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl’s wages
Of Jamy our Scottish king.

¹ many a doughty man they killed.

⁴ brave men.

² helmets.

⁵ man.

³ gauntlet.

22 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

‘Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
I hight¹ thee here this thing,
For the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquered in field fighting.’

‘Nay then,’ said the Lord Percy,
‘I told it thee beforne,
That I would never yielded be
To no man of a woman born.’

With that there came an arrow hastely
Forth of a mighty wane,
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast-bane.

Thorowe liver and lungs both
The sharp arrow is gone,
That never after in all his life-days
He spake no words but one.
That was, ‘Fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may,
For my life-days ben done.’

The Percy leanèd on his brand,
And saw the Douglas de;
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, ‘Woe is me for thee!’

‘To have saved thy life I would have parted with
My lands for years three,
For a better man of heart, nor of hand,
Was not in all the north country.’

¹ promise.

Of all that see, a Scottish knight,
Was called Sir Hugh the Mongom-byrry,
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
He spendyd¹ a spear of trusty tree ;

He rode upon a corsaire
Through a hundred archery ;
He never stinted, nor never blane,²
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dynte that was full sore ;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean thorowe the body he the Percy bore,

O' the tother side, that a man might see
A large cloth yard and mair ;
Two better captains were not in Christiante,
Than that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland
Saw slain was the Lord Percy,
He bare a bent bow in his hand,
Was made of trusty tree ;

An arrow, that a cloth yard was long,
To th' hard steel halyde he ;
A dynte that was both sad and sore,
He set on Sir Hugh the Mongom-byrry.

¹ grasped.

² delayed.

24 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

The dynte it was both sad and sar
That he on Mongom-byrry set ;
The swan-feathers that his arrows bar,
With his heart-blood they were wet.

There was never a freyke one foot would flee,
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might dre,
With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot,
An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rang,
The battle was not half done.

They took on on either hand
By the light of the moon ;
Many had no strength for to stand,
In Cheviot the hills aboun.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England,
Went away but fifty and three ;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland
But even five and fifty.

But all were slain Cheviot within ;
They had no strength to stand on high ;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pity.



*With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise :
Arise, arise !* Page 28,

THE
GARDEN
OF
THE
LORDS



There was slain with the Lord Percy,
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger, the hinde¹ Hartly,
Sir William the bold Hearone.

Sir George, the worthy Lovell,
A knight of great renown,
Sir Ralph, the richè Rugby,
With dyntes were beaten down.

For Wytharynton my heart was woe,
That ever he slain should be ;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hugh the Mongom-byrry,
Sir Davy Lawdale, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he ;

Sir Charles a Murry, in that place,
That never a foot would flee ;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dey.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so grey ;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their makes away.

¹ gentle.

Teviotdale may carp of care,
 Northumberland may make great moan,
 For two such captains as slain were there,
 On the March parti¹ shall never be none.

Word is come to Edinborough,
 To Jamy, the Scottish king,
 The doughty Douglas, Lieutenant of the Marches,
 He lay slain Cheviot within.

His handès did he weal and wring,
 He said, Alas, and woe is me!
 Such another captain Scotland within,
 He said, y-feth should never be.

Worde is come to lovely London,
 To the fourth Harry our king,
 That Lord Percy, Lieutenant of the Marches,
 He lay slayne Cheviot within.

‘God have mercy on his soul!’ said King Harry,
 ‘Good Lord if Thy will it be!
 I have a hundred captains in England,’ he said,
 ‘As good as ever was he;
 But Percy, an’ I brook² my life,
 Thy death well quyte³ shall be.’

As our noble king made his a-vow,
 Like a noble prince of renown,
 For the death of the Lord Percy
 He did the battle of Hombyll-down;

¹ those parts of the Marches.

² enjoy.

³ requited.

Where six-and-thirty Scottish knights
On a day were beaten down :
Glendale glittered on their armour bright,
Over castle, tower, and town.

This was the hunting of the Cheviot ;
That tear began this spurn ;
Old men that knowen the ground well enough
Call it the battle of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurn,
Upon a Monnyn-day ;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.

There was never a time on the March partès
Since the Douglas and Percy met,
But it was marvel an' the red blood ran not,
As the rain does in the street.

Jesu Christ our balys bete,¹
And to the bliss us bring !
Thus was the hunting of the Cheviot ;
God send us all good ending.

¹ relieve our sorrow.

A MORNING SONG

(From Cymbeline)

HARK, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes :
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise :
Arise, arise !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AS JOSEPH WAS A-WALKING

As Joseph was a-walking
 He heard an angel sing :
 'This night shall be born
 Our heavenly king.

'He neither shall be born
 In housen nor in hall,
 Nor in the place of Paradise,
 But in an ox's stall.

'He neither shall be clothed
 In purple nor in pall,
 But all in fair linen,
 As were babies all.

'He neither shall be rocked
 In silver nor in gold,
 But in a wooden cradle
 That rocks on the mould.

'He neither shall be christened
 In white wine nor red,
 But with fair spring water,
 With which we were christened.'

Then Mary took her young son
And set him on her knee :
' I pray thee now, dear child,
Tell how this world shall be.'

' O I shall be as dead, mother,
As the stones in the wall;
O the stones in the street, mother,
Shall mourn for me all.

' And upon a Wednesday
My vow I will make,
And upon good Friday
My death I will take.

' Upon Easter-Day, mother,
My rising shall be ;
O the sun and the moon
Shall uprise with me.

' The people shall rejoice,
And the birds they shall sing,
To see the uprising
Of the heavenly king.'

BARBARA ALLEN

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin,
Made every youth cry, Wel-away!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwellin :
' You must come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen.

' For death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealin :
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.'

Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealin,
Yet little better shall he be
For Bonny Barbara Allen.

32 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said, when there she came,
‘Young man, I think y’are dying.’

He turned his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing :
‘O lovely maid, come pity me,
I’m on my death-bed lying.’

‘If on your death-bed you do lie,
What needs the tale you are tellin ;
I cannot keep you from your death :
Farewell,’ said Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in :
‘Adieu ! adieu ! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.’

As she was walking o’er the fields,
She heard the bell a-knellin ;
And every stroke did seem to say,
Unworthy Barbara Allen !

She turned her body round about,
And spied the corpse a-coming :
‘Lay down, lay down the corpse,’ she said,
‘That I may look upon him.’



Cruel Barbara Allen. Page 31.

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With scornful eye she lookèd down,
Her cheek with laughter swellin ;
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,
‘Unworthy Barbara Allen!’

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow,
‘O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow.

‘Hard-hearted creature him to slight,
Who lovèd me so dearly :
O that I had been more kind to him,
When he was alive and near me!’

She, on her death-bed as she lay,
Begged to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day,
That she did e’er deny him.

‘Farewell,’ she said, ‘ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in :
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.’

ANON.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

I

OVER the mountains,
 And under the waves,
 Over the fountains,
 And under the graves,
 Under floods which are deepest,
 Which do Neptune obey,
 Over rocks which are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to lie,
 Where there is no space
 For receipt of a fly,
 Where the gnat dares not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay,
 But if Love come he will enter,
 And find out the way.

You may esteem him
 A child of his force,
 Or you may deem him
 A coward, which is worse ;

But if she whom Love doth honour,
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind,
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart, to be blind ;
But if he were hidden,
Do the best that you may,
Blind Love, if you so call him,
Will find out the way.

Well may the eagle
Stoop down to the fist,
Or you may inveigle
The Phœnix of the east ;
With fear the tiger's moved,
To give over his prey,
But never stop a lover,
He will find out the way.

II

The Gordian knot,
Which true lovers knit,
Undo it you cannot,
Nor yet break it ;

36 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

Make use of your inventions,
 Their fancies to betray,
To frustrate their intentions,
 Love will find out the way.

From court to the cottage,
 In bower and in hall,
From the king unto the beggar
 Love conquers all.
Though ne'er so stout and lordly,
 Strive or do what you may,
Yet be you ne'er so hardy,
 Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes,
 And greatest emperours,
In any provinces ;
 Such are Love's powers,
There is no resisting,
 But him to obey ;
In spite of all contesting,
 Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
 And all men that are,
Were strictly forbidden
 That place to declare ;
Winds that have no abidings,
 Pitying their delay,
Would come and bring him tidings,
 And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
 He would gallop it o'er ;
 If the seas should o'erthwart him,
 He would swim to the shore.
 Should his love become a swallow,
 Through the air to stray,
 Love will lend wings to follow,
 And will find out the way.

There is no striving
 To cross his intent,
 There is no contriving
 His plots to prevent ;
 But if once the message greet him,
 That his true love doth stay,
 If death should come and meet him,
 Love will find out the way.

CORYDON'S FAREWELL TO PHYLLIS

FAREWELL, dear love, since thou wilt needs be gone,
Mine eyes do show my life is almost done :

Nay, I will never die so long as I can spy,
There may be mo, though that she do go,
There may be many mo, I fear not :
Why, then, let her go, I care not.

Farewell, farewell, since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you ;
But I will seek elsewhere if I may find love there !
Shall I bid her go ? What, and if I do ?
Shall I bid her go, and spare not ?
O no, no, no, no, I dare not !

Ten thousand times farewell—yet stay awhile !
Sweet, kiss me once ; sweet kisses time beguile !
I have no power to move ; how now, am I in love ?
Wilt thou needs be gone ? Go then, all is one !
Wilt thou needs be gone ? Oh, hie thee !
Nay, stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more, adieu ! I so loth to depart
Bid oft adieu to her that holds my heart.
But seeing I must lose thy love which I did choose,
Go thy way for me, since that may not be.
Go thy way for me ; but whither ?
Go, oh, but where I may come thither !

CORYDON'S FAREWELL TO PHYLLIS 39

What shall I do ? My love is now departed ;
She is as fair as she is cruel-hearted.

Shewouldnotbeentreatedwithprayersoftrepeated;
If she come no more, shall I die therefore ?

If she come no more, what care I ?

Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry !

ANON. (1601.)

PASSING BY

THERE is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind ;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die !

Her gestures, motions, and her smile,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguile,
Beguile my heart, I know not why ;
And yet I love her till I die !

Cupid is wingèd and doth range
Her country ; so my love doth change.
But change the earth or change the sky,
Yet will I love her till I die !

ANON.



*I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die!* Page 40.

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SAY NAY

AND wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay, for shame !
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among ?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart ?
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pitee
Of him that loveth thee ?
Alas, thy cruelty !
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
With a hey down down and a down-a !
 He happened to meet Little John,
 A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
 For he was a lusty young man.

Though he was called Little, his limbs were large,
 And his stature was seven foot high;
 Wherever he came they quaked at his name,
 For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
 If you will but listen awhile,
 For this very jest, amongst all the rest,
 I think it may cause you to smile.

Bold Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
 'Pray tarry you here in this grove,
 And see that you all observe well my call,
 While through the forest I rove.

'We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
 Therefore now abroad will I go :
 Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
 My horn I will presently blow.'

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
 And bid them at present good-bye ;
 Then, as near a brook his journey he took,
 A stranger he chanced to espy.

They happened to meet on a long narrow bridge,
 And neither of them would give way ;
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
 ' I'll show you right Nottingham play.'

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
 A broad arrow with a goose-wing.
 The stranger replied, ' I'll liquor thy hide,
 If thou offerest to touch the string.'

Quoth bold Robin Hood, ' Thou dost prate like an ass,
 For were I to bend but my bow,
 I could send a dart quite through thy proud heart
 Before thou couldst strike me one blow.'

' Thou talkst like a coward,' the stranger replied,
 ' Well armed with a long bow you stand
 To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
 Have naught but a staff in my hand.'

' The name of a coward,' quoth Robin, ' I scorn,
 Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by,
 And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
 The truth of thy manhood to try.'

44 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

Then Robin stepped to a thicket of trees,
And chose him a staff of ground-oak,
And this being done, away he did run
To the stranger and merrily spoke :

‘ Lo ! see my staff, it is lusty and tough,
Now here on the bridge we will play,
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The battle, and so we ’ll away.’

‘ With all my whole heart,’ the stranger replied,
‘ I scorn in the least to give out.’
This said, they fell to ’t without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

And first Robin, he gave the stranger a bang
So hard that it made his bones ring.
The stranger, he said, ‘ This must be repaid,
I ’ll give you as good as you bring.

‘ So long as I’m able to handle my staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn.’
Then to it each goes, and followed their blows
As if they had been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown
Which caused the blood to appear ;
Then Robin, enraged, more fiercely engaged,
And followed his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire,
At every stroke he made him to smoke
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew
And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low
And tumbled him into the brook.

‘I prythee, good fellow, O where art thou now?’
The stranger, in laughter, he cried.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, ‘Good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

‘I needs must acknowledge, thou art a brave soul,
With thee I’ll no longer contend,
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
Our battle shall be at an end.’

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pulled himself out by a thorn,
Which done, at the last, he blowed a loud blast
Straightway on his fine bugle horn;

The echo of which through the valleys did fly,
At which his stout bowmen appeared,
All clothèd in green, most gay to be seen,
So up to their master they steered.

‘O what is the matter?’ quoth William Stutely,
 ‘Good master, you are wet to the skin.’
 ‘No matter,’ quoth he, ‘the lad which you see,
 In fighting, hath tumbled me in.’

‘He shall not go scot-free,’ the others replied.
 So straight they were seizing him there,
 To duck him likewise, but Robin Hood cries,
 ‘He is a stout fellow, forbear!’

‘There’s no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid,
 These bowmen upon me do wait,
 There’s threescore-and-nine, if thou wilt be mine,
 Thou shalt have my livery straight,

‘And other accoutrements fit for a man :
 Speak up, jolly blade, never fear ;
 I’ll teach you also the use of the bow
 To shoot at the fat fallow-deer.’

‘O here is my hand,’ the stranger replied,
 ‘I’ll serve you with all my whole heart.
 My name is John Little, a man of good mettle,
 Ne’er doubt me, for I’ll play my part.’

‘His name shall be altered,’ quoth William Stutely,
 ‘And I will his godfather be,
 Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
 For we will be merry,’ quoth he.

They presently fetched in a brace of fat does,
 With humming strong liquor likewise ;
 They loved what was good, so in the greenwood
 This pretty, sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
 And, maybe, an ell in the waist,
 A pretty, sweet lad ; much feasting they had,
 And bold Robin the christening graced,

With all his bowmen which stood in a ring,
 And were of the Nottingham breed ;
 Brave Stutely comes then, with seven yeomen,
 And did in this manner proceed :

‘ This infant was called John Little,’ quoth he,
 ‘ Which name shall be changèd anon,
 The words we ’ll transpose, so wherever he goes,
 His name shall be called Little John.’

Then all with a shout made the elements ring ;
 So soon as the office was o’er
 To feasting they went, with true merriment
 And tippled strong liquors galore.

Then Robin he took the pretty, sweet babe
 And clothed him from top to the toe
 In garments of green most gay to be seen,
 And gave him a curious long bow.

48 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

‘Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the greenwood with us,
Where we’ll not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have aught in their purse.

‘We live here like squires, or lords of renown,
Without e’er a foot of free land,
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale and beer
And everything at our command.’

Then music and dancing did finish the day.
At length, when the sun waxèd low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And so ever after, as long as he lived,
Although he was proper and tall,
Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call.



*Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath. Page 49.*

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THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

50 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THE DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John,

Down a down a down a down-a !

Went o'er yon bank of broom,

Said Robin Hood bold to Little John :

'We have shot for many a pound,

Hey, down a down a down a down-a !

'But I am not able to shoot one shot more,

My broad arrows will not flee,

But I have a cousin lives down below,

Please God, she will bleed me.'

Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,

As fast as he can will,

But before he came there, as we do hear,

He was taken very ill.

And when he came to fair Kirkly Hall,

He knockèd at the ring,

And none was so ready as his cousin herself

For to let bold Robin in.

'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,

'And drink some beer with me ?'

'No, I will neither eat nor drink

Till I am blooded by thee.'

‘Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,’ she said,
 ‘Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein
 You blooded by me shall be.’

She took him by her lily-white hand
 And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood
 While one drop of blood would run down.

She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
 And locked him up in the room ;
Then did he bleed all the livelong day,
 Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement there,
 Thinking for to get down,
But was so weak he could not leap,
 He could not get him down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
 Which hung low down to his knee :
He set his horn unto his mouth,
 And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
 As he sat under a tree :
‘I fear my master is now near dead,
 He blows so wearily.’

Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
As fast as he can dree ;
But when he came to Kirkly Hall
He broke locks two or three,

Until he came bold Robin to see,
Then he fell on his knee :
'A boon, a boon,' cried Little John,
'Master, I beg of thee.'

'What is that boon,' said Robin Hood,
'Little John, thou begs of me ?'
'It is to burn fair Kirkly Hall,
And all their nunnery.'

'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That boon I'll not grant thee,
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor men in woman's company.

'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be,
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

'Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet ;

54 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

And lay my bent bow at my side,
Which was my music sweet,
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

‘Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head,
That “Here lies bold Robin Hood,”
They may say, when I am dead.’

These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please,
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

THE WISH

WELL then ; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy,
And they (methinks) deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the City.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave
May I a small house and large garden have !
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !
And since Love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as Guardian-Angels are,
Only beloved, and loving me !

O Fountains, when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy ?
O Fields ! O Woods ! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade ?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood ;
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coined and stamp'd for good.

Pride and Ambition here
Only in far-fetcht metaphors appear ;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.

The gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always chuse their way ;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way, too, thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear She live, and embracing die !
She who is all the world, and can exclude,
In deserts, solitude.

I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasure see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a City here.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.



*Pride and Ambition here
Only in far-fetcht metaphors appear ;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter. Page 56.*

THE
GARDEN



DRINKING SONG

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good,
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood ;
 Though I go bare take ye no care,
 I nothing am a-cold,
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.

*Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold,
 But, belly, God give thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.*

I love no roast, but a nut-brown toast,
 And a crab laid in the fire,
 A little bread shall do me stead,
 Much bread I not desire,
 No frost, nor snow, no wind, I trow,
 Can hurt me if it wold,
 I am so wrapt and thoroughly lapt
 Of jolly good ale and old.

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life
 Loveth well good ale to seek,
 Full oft drinks she till ye may see
 The tears run down her cheek ;

58 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a malt-worm shold,
And saith, Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.

They that do drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do,
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring them to ;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

JOHN STILL

(16th century).

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet ;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast ;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest :
Ah ! wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
He music plays if so I sing ;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
Whist, wanton, will ye ?

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence ;

60 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

I'll shut my eyes to keep you in ;
I'll make you fast it for your sin ;
I'll count your power not worth a pin ;
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be ;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee !

THOMAS LODGE.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

THERE was a youth, and a well-belovèd youth,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see,—
'Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me.'

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
 And put on ragged attire,
 And to fair London she would go,
 Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
 The weather being hot and dry,
 She sat her down upon a green bank,
 And her true love came riding by.

She started up with a colour so red,
 Catching hold of his bridle-rein ;
 'One penny, one penny, kind sir,' she said,
 'Will ease me of much pain.'

'Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
 Pray tell me where you were born.'
 'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,
 'Where I have had many a scorn.'

'I prythee, sweetheart, then tell to me,
 O tell me, whether you know
 The bailiff's daughter of Islington.'
 'She is dead, sir, long ago.'

'If she be dead, then take my horse,
 My saddle and bridle also ;
 For I will into some far countrie,
 Where no man shall me know.'

'O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side ;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride.'

'O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefor ;
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.'

ANON.

KING ESTMERE

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall hear ;
I'll tell you of two of the boldest brothers
That ever born were.

The one of them was Alder young,
The other was King Estmere ;
They were as bold men in their deeds
As any were, far and near.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within his brother's hall,
'When will ye marry a wife, brother,
A wife to glad us all ?'

Then bespake him King Estmere,
And answered him heartily :
'I know not that lady in any land,
That's able to marry with me.'

'King Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheen ;
If I were king here in your stead,
That lady should be my queen.'



The Bailiff's daughter of Islington. Page 61.

THE
 BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON



Says, 'Read me, read me, dear brother,
Throughout merry England,
Where we might find a messenger
Betwixt us two to send.'

Says, 'You shall ride yourself, brother,
I'll bear you company ;
Many a man through false messengers is deceived,
And I fear lest so should we.'

And when they came to King Adland's hall,
Before the goodly gate,
There they found good King Adland
Rearing himself thereat.

'Now Christ you save, good King Adland ;
Now Christ you save and see.'
Said, 'You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right heartily to me.'

'You have a daughter,' said Alder young,
'Men call her bright and sheen ;
My brother would marry her to his wife,
Of England to be queen.'

'Yesterday was at my dear daughter
The king his son of Spain,
And then she nickèd him of nay ;
I doubt she'll do you the same.'

'The King of Spain is a foul paynim,
And 'lieveth on Mahound,
And pity it were that fair lady
Should marry a heathen hound.

'But grant to me,' says King Estmere,
'For my love I you pray,
That I may see your daughter dear
Before I go hence away.'

'Although it is seven years and more
Since my daughter was in hall,
She shall come once down for your sake,
To glad my guestès all.'

Down then came that maiden fair,
With ladies laced in pall,
And half a hundred of bold knights,
To bring her from bower to hall,
And as many gentle squires,
To tend upon them all.

The talents of gold were on her head set
Hanged low down to her knee,
And every ring on her small finger
Shone of the crystal free.

Says, 'God you save, my dear madam,'
Says, 'God you save and see.'
Said, 'You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right welcome unto me.

‘And if you love me, as you say,
So well and heartily,
All that ever you are come about
Soon sped now it shall be.’

Then bespake her father dear :
‘My daughter, I say nay ;
Remember well the King of Spain,
What he said yesterday.

‘He would pull down my halls and castles,
And reave me of my life ;
I cannot blame him if he do,
If I reave him of his wife.’

‘Your castles and your towers, father,
Are strongly built about,
And therefore of the king his son of Spain
We need not stand in doubt.

‘Plight me your troth now, King Estmere,
By heaven and your right hand,
That you will marry me to your wife,
And make me queen of your land.’

Then King Estmere he plight his troth,
By heaven and his right hand,
That he would marry her to his wife,
And make her queen of his land.

And he took leave of that lady fair,
 To go to his own country,
 To fetch him dukes and lords and knights,
 That married they might be.

They had not ridden scant a mile,
 A mile forth of the town,
 But in did come the King of Spain,
 With kempès¹ many one.

But in did come the King of Spain,
 With many a bold barone,
 One day to marry King Adland's daughter,
 Other day to carry her home.

She sent one after King Estmere,
 In all the speed might be,
 That he must either turn again and fight,
 Or go home and lose his lady.

One while then the page he went,
 Another while he ran ;
 Till he had o'ertaken King Estmere,
 I-wis he never blanne.²

'Tidings, tidings, King Estmere !'
 'What tidings now, my boy ?'
 'O tidings I can tell to you
 That will you sore annoy.

¹ fighting-men.

² rested.

‘ You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the town,
But in did come the King of Spain,
With kempès many a one.

‘ But in did come the King of Spain,
With many a bold barone,
One day to marry King Adland’s daughter,
Other day to carry her home.

‘ My lady fair she greets you well,
And ever-more well by me ;
You must either turn again and fight,
Or go home and lose your lady.’

Says, ‘ Read me, read me, dear brother,
My read shall rise at thee,¹
Whether it is better to turn and fight,
Or go home and lose my lady.’

‘ Now hearken to me,’ says Alder young,
‘ And your read must rise at me ;
I quickly will devise a way
To set thy lady free.

‘ My mother was a western woman,
And learnèd in grammarye,
And when I learnèd at the school,
Something she taught it me.

¹ advise me—my decision shall rest with you.

‘There grows an herb within this field,
 And if it were but known,
 His colour which is white and red
 It will make black and brown.

‘His colour which is brown and black,
 It will make red and white ;
 That sword is not in all England
 Upon his coat will bite.

‘And you shall be a harper brother,
 Out of the north country,
 And I’ll be your boy so fain of fight,
 And bear your harp by your knee.

‘And you shall be the best harper
 That ever took harp in hand,
 And I will be the best singer
 That ever sung in this land.

‘It shall be written in our foreheads,
 All and in grammarye,
 That we two are the boldest men
 That are in all Christientye.’

And thus they renisht them to ride,
 Of two good renisht steeds,
 And when they came to King Adland’s hall,
 Of red gold shone their weeds.

And when they came to King Adland's hall
Unto the fair hall gate,
There they found a proud portèr,
Rearing himself thereat.

Says, 'Christ thee save, thou proud portèr,'
Says, 'Christ thee save and see':
'Now you be welcome,' said the portèr,
'Of what land soever ye be.'

'We be harpers,' said Alder young,
'Come out of the north country;
We been come hither until this place
This proud wedding for to see.'

Said, 'And your colour were white and red,
As it is black and brown,
I would say King Estmere and his brother
Were come until this town.'

Then they pulled out a ring of gold,
Laid it on the porter's arm:
'And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thou wilt say us no harm.'

Sore he looked on King Estmere,
And sore he handled the ring,
Then opened to them the fair hall gates,
He let for no kind of thing.

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King Estmere he stabled his steed
So fair at the hall-board,
The froth that came from his bridle bit
Light in King Bremor's beard.

Says, 'Stable thy steed, thou proud harpèr,'
Says, 'Stable him in the stall;
It doth not beseem a proud harpèr
To stable his steed in a king's hall.'

'My lad he is so lither,'¹ he said,
'He will do nought that's meet;
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beat?'

'Thou speakest proud words,' says the King of Spain,
'Thou harper, here to me;
There is a man within this hall
Will beat thy lad and thee.'

'O let that man come down,' he said,
'A sight of him would I see;
And when he hath beaten well my lad,
Then he shall beat of me.'

Down then came the kempery man,
And looked him in the ear;
For all the gold that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him near.

¹ lazy.



*Is any cozened of a tear
 Which as a pearl disdain does wear?
 Here stands the thief; let her but come
 Hither, and lay on him her doom. Page 76.*

THE
 END OF
 THE
 WORLD



‘And how now, kemp,’ said the King of Spain,
‘And how, what aileth thee?’
He says, ‘It is writ in his forehead,
All and in grammarye,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nigh.’

Then King Estmere pulled forth his harp,
And played a pretty thing;
The lady upstart from the board,
And would have gone from the king.

‘Stay thy harp, thou proud harpèr,
For God’s love I pray thee;
For and thou plays as thou begins,
Thou’lt till¹ my bride from me.’

He stroke upon his harp again,
And played a pretty thing;
The lady laughed a loud laughter,
As she sat by the king.

Says, ‘Sell me thy harp, thou proud harpèr,
And thy stringès all;
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have,
As here be rings in the hall.’

‘What would ye do with my harp,’ he said,
‘If I did sell it ye?’
‘To play my wife and me a fitt,
When abed together we be.’

¹ lure.

‘ Now sell me,’ quoth he, ‘ thy bride so gay,
 As she sits by thy knee ;
 And as many gold nobles I will give
 As leaves been on a tree.’

‘ And what would ye do with my bride so gay,
 If I did sell her thee ?
 More seemly it is for her fair body
 To lie by me than thee.’

He played again both loud and shrill,
 And Alder he did sing,
 ‘ O lady, this is thy own true love,
 No harper, but a king.

‘ O lady, this is thy own true love,
 As plainly thou mayest see,
 And I’ll rid thee of that foul paynim
 Who parts thy love and thee.’

The lady looked, the lady blushed,
 And blushed and looked again,
 While Alder he hath drawn his brand,
 And hath the Sowdan¹ slain.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
 And loud they gan to cry :
 ‘ Ah, traitors, ye have slain our king,
 And therefore ye shall die.’

¹ Sultan.

King Estmere threw the harp aside,
And swift he drew his brand,
And Estmere he, and Alder young,
Right stiff in stour¹ can stand.

And aye their swords so sore can bite,
Through help of grammarye,
That soon they have slain the kemperry men,
Or forced them forth to flee.

King Estmere took that fair lady,
And married her to his wife,
And brought her home to merry England,
With her to lead his life.

ANON.

(15th century.)

¹ fight.

CUPID INDICTED

O YES, O yes ! if any maid
Whom leering Cupid has betrayed
To frowns of spite, to eyes of scorn,
And would in madness now see torn
The boy in pieces, let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

O yes, O yes ! has any lost
A heart which many a sigh hath cost ?
Is any cozened of a tear
Which as a pearl disdain does wear ?
Here stands the thief ; let her but come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

Is anyone undone by fire,
And turned to ashes through desire ?
Did ever any lady weep,
Being cheated of her golden sleep
Stolen by sick thoughts ?—the pirate's found,
And in her tears he shall be drowned.

Read his indictment, let him hear
What he's to trust to. Boy, give ear !

JOHN LYLY.

THE GENTLE HERDSMAN

‘GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,
Of courtesy I thee pray,
Unto the town of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way?’

‘Unto the town of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gone;
And very crooked are those paths
For you to find out all alone.’

‘Were the miles doubled thrice,
And the way never so ill,
It were not enough for mine offence;
It is so grievous and so ill.’

‘Thy years are young, thy face is fair,
Thy wits are weak, thy thoughts are green;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yet,
For to commit so great a sin.’

‘Yes, herdsman, yes, so woldest thou say,
If thou knewest so much as I;
My wits, and thoughts, and all the rest
Have well deserved for to die.’

‘I am not what I seem to be,
 My clothes and sex do differ far;
 I am a woman, woe is me!
 Born to grief and irksome care.

‘For my beloved, and well-beloved,
 My wayward cruelty could kill;
 And though my tears will nought avail,
 Most dearly I bewail him still.

‘He was the flower of noble wights,
 None ever more sincere could be;
 Of comely mien and shape he was,
 And tenderly he lovèd me.

‘When thus I saw he loved me well,
 I grew so proud his pain to see,
 That I, who did not know myselfe,
 Thought scorn of such a youth as he.

‘And grew so coy and nice to please,
 As women’s looks are often so,
 He might not kiss, nor hand forsooth,
 Unless I willed him so to do.

‘Thus being wearied with delays
 To see I pitied not his grief,
 He got him to a secret place,
 And there he died without relief.

‘And for his sake these weeds I wear,
And sacrifice my tender age ;
And every day I’ll beg my bread
To undergo this pilgrimage.

‘Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will do till I die ;
And get me to some secret place,
For so did he, and so will I.

‘Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,
But keep my secrets, I thee pray ;
Unto the town of Walsingham
Show me the right and ready way.’

‘Now go thy ways, and God before !
For He must ever guide thee still :
Turn down that dale, the right-hand path,
And so, fair pilgrim, fare thee well !’

ANON.

(15th–16th century.)

SWEET, IF YOU LIKE

SWEET, if you like and love me still,
 And yield me love for my good will,
 And do not from your promise start
 When your fair hand gave me your heart :
 If dear to you I be
 As you are dear to me,
 Then yours I am, and will be ever,
 No time nor place my love shall sever,
 But faithful still I will persèver,
 Like constant marble stone,
 Loving but you alone.

But if you favour more than me
 (Who loves thee still and none but thee),
 If others do the harvest gain
 That's due to me for all my pain,
 And that you love to range
 And oft to chop and change :
 Then get you some new-fangled mate,
 My doting love shall turn to hate,
 Esteeming you (though too, too late)
 Not worth a pebble stone,
 Loving not me alone.

FRANCIS DAVISON.



*Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?* Page 81.

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THE WAY OF LIFE

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Hemmed with these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge ? is this thy body's end ?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more :
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
 And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH

ON Trinity Monday in the morn,
This sore battayle was doomed to be ;
When many a knight cried, ' Well-awaye !'
Alack ! it was the more pitee.

Ere the first crowing of the cock,
When as the king in his bed lay,
He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these words did say :

' Now, as ye are mine uncle dear,
And as you prize your life, this day
O meet not with your foe in fight ;
Put off the battayle, if ye may ;

' For Sir Launcelot is now in France,
And with him many a hardy knight,
Who will within this month be back,
And will assist ye in the fight.'

The king then called his nobles all,
Before the breaking of the day ;
And told them how Sir Gawaine came
And then to him these words did say.

His nobles all this counsel gave,
That, early in the morning, he
Should send away an herald at arms
To ask a parley fair and free.

Then twelve good knights King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement fair.

The king he chargèd all his host,
In readiness there for to be :
But no man should no weapon stir,
Unless a sword drawn they should see.

And Mordred on the other part,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bring ;
The best of all his company,
To hold the parley with the king.

Sir Mordred also charged his host,
In readiness there for to be ;
But no man should no weapon stir,
But if a drawn sword they should see.

For he durst not his uncle trust,
Nor he his nephew, sooth to tell :
Alack ! it was a woeful case,
As e'er in Christentie befel.

But when they were together met,
And both to fair accordance brought,
And a month's league between them set,
Before the battayle should be fought,

An adder crept forth of a bush,
Stung one o' the king's knights on the knee :
Alack ! it was a woeful chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And saw the wild-worm hanging there,
His sword he from his scabbard drew :
A piteous case as ye shall hear.

For when the two hosts saw the sword,
They joinèd battayle instantly :
Till of so many noble knights,
On one side there was left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away :
Ay me ! it was a bloody field,
As e'er was fought on summer's day.

Upon King Arthur's own party,
Only himself escapèd there,
And Lukyn, Duke of Gloster, free,
And the king's butler, Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knights,
All dead and scattered on the mould;
The tears fast trickled down his face :
That manly face in fight so bold.

‘ Now rest ye all, brave knights,’ he said,
‘ So true and faithful to your trust ;
And must ye then, ye valiant hearts,
Be left to moulder in the dust ?

‘ Most loyal have ye been to me,
Most true and faithful unto death :
And oh ! to raise ye up again,
How freely could I yield my breath !

‘ But see the traitor’s yet alive,
Lo, where he stalks among the dead !
Now bitterly he shall abye,
And vengeance fall upon his head.’

‘ O stay, my liege,’ then said the duke,
‘ O stay for love and charitie ;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meet your foe if it may be.’

‘ O, stay me not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe :
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.’

Then straight he grasped his trusty spear,
And on his horse then mounted he :
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushèd to his knee.

‘ Alas ! ’ then said the noble king,
‘ That I should live this sight to see !
To see this good knight here be slain,
All for his love in helping me ! ’

He put his spear into his rest,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan cry—
‘ Now set thyself upon thy guard,
For, traitor, now thy death is nigh. ’

Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,
And fierce to meet the king ran he :
The king his spear he through him thrust,
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded so,
He thrust himself upon the spear,
And struck the king a deadly blow.

Then grimly died Sir Mordered,
Presently upon that tree ;
And bloody streams ran from the king
Ere to the duke returned he.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
 'Sir knight, thou hast been faithful tried,
Now take my sword Excalibar,
 That hangs so freely at my side ;

 'O take my sword Excalibar,
 And there into the river throw :
For here, henceforth, beneath this tree,
 All use of weapons I forego.

 'And fare thee well, thou trusty sword,
 A better ne'er had valiant knight,
With thee full oft, and many a day,
 Have I withstood my foe in fight.

 'With this good falchion in my hand,
 Oft have I reaped the bloody field :
But now the fatal hour is come,
 That never more I may thee wield.'

Then down to the river side he went,
 And there his own sword in threw he ;
But he kept back Excalibar ;
 He kept it back in privitie.

For all of Cologne was the blade ;
 And all the hilt of precious stone ;
'And ever alack !' then said the knight,
 'Must such a sword away be thrown ?'

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Then back he came unto the king,
Who said, 'Sir Lukyn, what did you see ?'
'Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Blew o'er the water fair and free.'

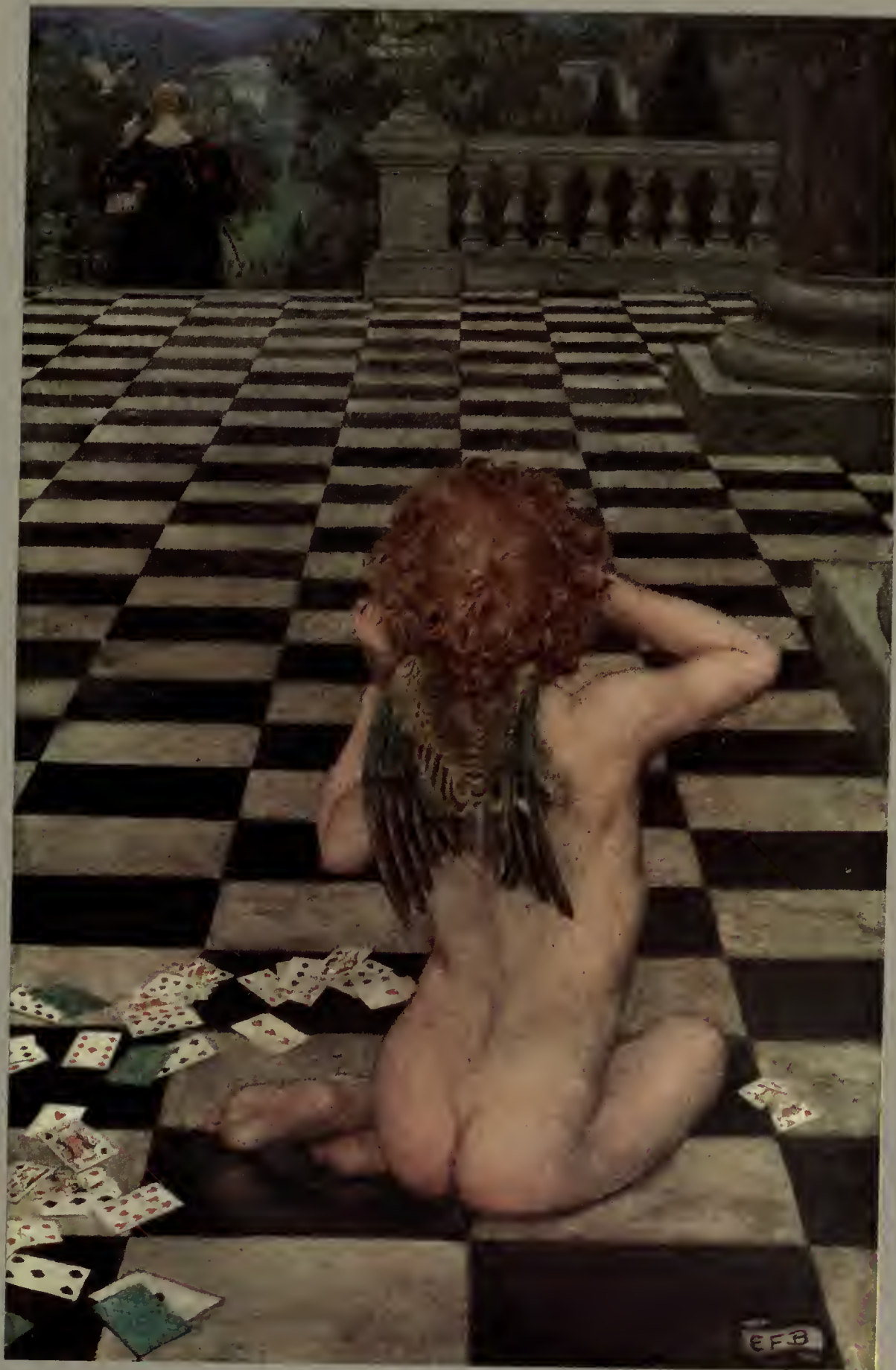
'O go again,' then said the king,
'O good Sir Lukyn go again ;
Into the river throw my sword,
Nor keep me lingering here in pain.'

The duke then to the river went,
And the king's scabbard in threw he ;
But he kept back Excalibar,
And hid it underneath a tree.

Then back he came to tell the king,
Who said, 'Sir Lukyn, saw ye aught ?'
'Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Now with the angry waters fought.'

'O, Lukyn, Lukyn,' said the king,
'Twice hast thou dealt deceitfully ;
Alack, whom may we ever trust,
When such a knight so false can be ?

'Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye ?
Now go again, and throw it in,
Or here the one of us shall die.'



*O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me? Page 90.*

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The duke, all shent ¹ with this rebuke,
No answer made unto the king ;
But to the river took the sword,
And threw it far as he could fling.

A hand and arm did meet the sword,
And flourished three times in the air ;
Then sunk beneath the running stream,
And of the duke was seen nae mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke ;
He stood as still, as still mote be :
Then hastened back to tell the king ;
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,
For never after he did him spye ;
But he saw a barge go from the land,
And he heard ladies howl and cry.

And whether the king was there, or not,
He never knew nor never colde ;
For from that sad and direful day,
He never more was seen on mould.

¹ shamed.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid ;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how) ;
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin :
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

JOHN LYLY.

INCONSTANCY

I

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never :

*Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, hey nonny, nonny.*

II

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

A SWEET LULLABY

COME little babe, come silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyself unhappy chief:
Sing lullaby and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'st and less dost know
The cause of this thy mother's moan;
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone;
Why dost thou weep, why dost thou wail,
And know'st not yet what thou dost ail?

Come little wretch, ah, silly heart,
Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart
That may the destinies implore,
'Twas I, I say, against my will;
I wail the time, but be thou still.

And dost thou smile? oh, thy sweet face!
Would God Himself He might thee see!
No doubt thou soon wouldst purchase grace,
I know right well, for thee and me.
But come to mother, babe, and play;
For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
Thy father home again to send,
If death do strike me with his lance,
Yet mayst thou me to him commend ;
 If any ask thy mother's name,
 Tell how by love she purchased blame.

Then will his gentle heart soon yield ;
I know him of a noble mind ;
Although a lion in the field,
A lamb in turn thou shalt him find ;
 Ask blessing, babe ! be not afraid ;
 His sugared words have me betrayed.

Then mayst thou joy and be right glad
Although in woe I seem to moan ;
Thy father is no rascal lad,
A noble youth of blood and bone ;
 His glancing looks, if once he smile,
 Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock asleep ;
Sing lullaby and be thou still ;
I that can do nought else but weep
Will sit by thee and wait my fill :
 God bless my babe, and lullaby,
 From this thy father's quality !

ANON. (1597.)

THE SURPRISE

THERE's no dallying with love
 Though he be a child and blind ;
 Then let none the danger prove,
 Who would to himself be kind :
 Smile he does when thou dost play,
 But his smiles to death betray.

Lately with the Boy I sported ;
 Love I did not, yet love feigned ;
 Had not mistress, yet I courted ;
 Sighed I did, yet was not pained ;
 Till at last this love in jest,
 Proved in earnest my unrest.

When I saw my fair one first,
 In a feigned fire I burned ;
 But true love my poor heart pierced,
 When her eyes on mine she turned :
 So a real wound I took,
 For my counterfeited look.

Slighted Love, his skill to show,
 Struck me with a mortal dart ;
 Then I learnt that 'gainst his bow,
 Vain are the weak helps of art ;
 And thus captived, found that true
 Doth dissembled love pursue.



*Although a lion in the field,
A lamb in turn thou shalt him find.* Page 95.

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'Cause his fetters I disclaimed,
Now the tyrant faster bound me ;
With more scorching brands inflamed,
'Cause in love so cold he found me :
And my sighs more scalding made,
'Cause with winds before they played.

None who loves not, then make show,
Love's as ill deceived as Fate ;
Fly the Boy, he'll cog and woo ;
Mock him, and he wounds thee straight.
Ah ! who dally, boast in vain ;
False love wants not real pain.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID

BE it right or wrong, these men among
On women do complain ;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them wele ; for never a dele
They love a man again :
For let a man do what he can,
Their favour to attain,
Yet, if a new do them pursue,
Their first true lover than
Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought
He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decayed ;
But, nevertheless, right good witness
In this case might be laid,
That they love true, and continue ;
Record the Nut-brown Maid :
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his moan,
Would not depart ; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss
What was all the manere
Between them two : we will also
Tell all the pain and fear
That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye me answe're ;
Wherefore, all ye, that present be
I pray you, give an ear.
I am the knight ; I come by night,
As secret as I can ;
Saying, 'Alas ! thus standeth the case,
I am a banished man.'

SHE

And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse ;
Trusting to shew, in wordes few,
That men have an ill use
(To their own shame) women to blame,
And causeless them accuse :
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse,—
Mine own heart's dear, with you what chere ?
I pray you tell anone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

It standeth so ; a dede is do
Whereof great harm shall grow :

My destiny is for to die
 A shameful death, I trow ;
 Or else to flee : the one must be,
 None other way I know,
 But to withdraw as an outlaw,
 And take me to my bow.
 Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true !
 None other rede I can :¹
 For I must to the green wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE

O Lord, what is this worldys bliss,
 That changeth as the moon !
 My summer's day in lusty May
 Is darked before the noon.
 I hear you say, farewell : Nay, nay,
 We depart not so soon.
 Why say ye so ? Where will ye go ?
 Alas ! what have ye done ?
 All my welfare to sorrow and care
 Should change, if ye were gone ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

HE

I can believe it shall you grieve,
 And somewhat you distraint ;

¹ course I know.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID

101

But, afterward, your painès hard
 Within a day or twain
 Shall soon aslake ; and ye shall take
 Comfort to you again.
 Why should ye ought ? for, to make thought,
 Your labour were in vain.
 And thus I do, and pray you to,
 As heartily as I can ;
 For I must to the green wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Now, sith that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mind,
 I shall be plain to you again,
 Like as ye shall me find.
 Sith it is so, that ye will go,
 I will not stay behind ;
 Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
 Was to her love unkind :
 Make you ready, for so am I,
 Although it were anone ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

HE

Yet I you rede to take good heed
 What men will think and say :
 Of young and old it shall be told,
 That ye be gone away,

Your wanton will for to fulfil,
 In green wood you to play;
 And that ye might from your delight
 No longer make delay.
 Rather than ye should thus for me
 Be called an ill woman,
 Yet would I to the green wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Though it be sung of old and young,
 That I should be to blame,
 Theirs be the charge, that speak so large
 In hurting of my name:
 For I will prove, that faithful love
 It is devoid of shame;
 In your distress, and heaviness,
 To part with you, the same:
 And sure all tho', that do not so,
 True lovers are they none;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

HE

I counsel you, remember how,
 It is no maiden's law,
 Nothing to doubt, but to run out
 To wood with an outlaw:
 For ye must there in your hand bear
 A bow, ready to draw;

And, as a thief, thus must you live,
Ever in dread and awe ;
Whereby to you great harm might grow :
Yet had I lever than,¹
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

I think not nay, but as you say,
It is no maiden's lore ;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt, and shoot
To get us meat in store ;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more :
From which to part, it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

For an outlaw this is the law,
That men him take and bind ;
Without pity, hanged to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had nede, (as God forbede !)
What rescue could ye find ?

¹ rather then.

Forsooth, I trow, ye and your bow
 For fear would draw behind :
 And no mervayle : for little avail
 Were in your counsel than :
 Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Right well know ye, that women be
 But feeble for to fight ;
 No womanhede it is indeed
 To be bold as a knight :
 Yet in such fear if that ye were
 With enemies day or night,
 I would withstand, with bow in hand,
 To grieve them as I might,
 And you to save ; as women have
 From death men many a one :
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

HE

Yet take good heed ; for ever I drede
 That ye could not sustain
 The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
 The snow, the frost, the rain,
 The cold, the heat : for dry or wet,
 We must lodge on the plain ;
 And us above none other roof
 But a brake bush, or twain :



Though he be a child and blind. Page 96.

THE
 OF
 CALIFORNIA



Which soon should grieve you, I believe ;
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Sith I have here been partynere
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your woe
Endure, as reason is :
Yet am I sure of one pleasure ;
And, shortly, it is this :
That, where ye be, me seemeth, parde,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That we were soon agone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind,
I love but you alone.

HE

If ye go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine,
No shetès clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine ;
None other house, but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine ;

O mine heart sweet, this evil diete
 Should make you pale and wan ;
 Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Among the wild dere, such an archere
 As men say that ye be,
 Ye may not fail of good vitayle,
 Where is so great plenty :
 And water clear of the ryvere
 Shall be full sweet to me ;
 With which in hele¹ I shall right wele
 Endure, as ye shall see ;
 And, or we go, a bed or two
 I can provide anone ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

HE

Lo ! yet, before, ye must do more,
 If ye will go with me :
 As cut your hair up by your ear,
 Your kirtle by the knee,
 With bow in hand, for to withstand
 Your enemies, if need be,
 And this same night before day-light,
 To wood-ward will I flee.

¹ health.

If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can ;
Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede ;
To shorte my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most drede :
But now, adieu ! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye : Now let us flee ;
The day cometh fast upon ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

Nay, nay, not so ; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell ye why,—
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy :
For, like as ye have said to me,
In like wise hardely
Ye would answe're whosoever it were
In way of company.

It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold ;
 And so is a woman.
 Wherefore I to the wood will go,
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE

If ye take heed, it is no need
 Such words to say by me ;
 For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
 Ere I you loved, parde :
 And though that I of ancestry
 A baron's daughter be,
 Yet have you proved how I you loved,
 A squire of low degree,
 And ever shall, whatso befall,
 To die therefore ¹ anone ;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

HE

A baron's child to be beguiled !
 It were a cursèd dede ;
 To be felawe with an outlawe !
 Almighty God forbede !
 Yet better were, the poor squyere
 Alone to forest yede,²
 Than ye should say another day,
 That, by my cursèd dede,

¹ be ready to die for you.² went.

Ye were betrayed : Wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is that I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid :
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele, how that ye dele ;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind,
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

If that ye went, ye should repent ;
For in the forest now
I have purvayed¹ me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you ;
Another fayrere, than ever ye were,
I dare it well avow ;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow :

¹ provided.

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It were my ease, to live in peace ;
So will I, if I can ;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your :
And she shall find me soft and kind,
And courteys every hour ;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me to my power :
For had ye, lo ! an hundred mo,
Of them I would be one ;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

Mine owne dear love, I see the proof
That ye be kind and true ;
Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changèd now ;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.

Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
To you when I began ;
I will not to the greenwood go,
I am no banished man.

SHE

These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure :
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordè on the splene.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween :
Then, were the case worse than it was,
And I more woe-begone :
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

Ye shall not need further to drede :
I will not disparage
You (God defend !) sith ye descend
Of so great lineage.
Now understand, to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring ; and with a ring,
By way of marriage

I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can :
Thus have you won an erly's son,
And not a banished man.

AUTHOR

Here may ye see, that women be
In love, meek, kind, and stable ;
Let never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable ;
But, rather, pray God that we may
To them be comfortable ;
Which sometime proveth such, as He loveth,
If they be charitable.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one ;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone.

THE PEDLAR

FINE knacks for ladies, cheap, choice, brave and new,
 Good pennyworths—but money cannot move ;
I keep a fair but for the Fair to view :
 A beggar may be liberal of love.
Though all my wares be trash my heart is true,
 My heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles, and look for gifts again,
 My trifles come as treasures from my mind ;
It is a precious jewel to be plain ;
 Sometimes in shells the orient'st pearls we find ;
Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain,
 Of me a grain !

Within this pack, pins, points, laces and gloves,
 And divers toys fitting a country fair,
But in my heart, where duty serves and loves,
 Turtles and twins, court's brood, a heavenly pair :
Happy the heart that thinks of no removes,
 Of no removes !

JOHN DOWLAND.

INGRATITUDE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

*Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MARY AMBREE

WHEN captains courageous, whom death could not
daunt,

Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy and delight,
Because he was slain most treacherously,
Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothèd herself from the top to the toe
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show ;
A fair shirt of mail then slippèd on she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,
A strong arming sword she girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
Bidding all such as would, be of her band ;
To wait on her person came thousand and three ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

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‘My soldiers,’ she saith, ‘so valiant and bold,
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold ;
Still foremost in battle myself will I be,’
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,
‘So well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.’

She cheerèd her soldiers that foughten for life,
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

‘Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free,’
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,
‘Gainst three times their number by break of the day ;
Seven hours in skirmish continuèd she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She fillèd the skies with the smoke of her shot,
And her enemies’ bodies with bullets so hot ;
For one of her own men a score killèd she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slashed him in three;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hire,
At length she was forcèd to make a retire;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could never abide;
To beat down the walls they all did decree:
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captains to match, any three,
O, what a brave captain was Mary Ambree!

‘Now say, English captain, what wouldèst thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must not live?
Come yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be.’
Then smiled sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

‘Ye captains courageous of valour so bold,
Whom think you before you now you do behold?’
‘A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be.’

‘No captain of England; behold in your sight,
Two breasts in my bosom, and therefore no knight;
No knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,
But a poor simple lass, callèd Mary Ambree.’

‘But art thou a woman as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree.’

The Prince of great Parma heard of her renown,
Who long had avancèd for England’s fair crown;
He wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous maiden despisèd them all,
‘I’ll ne’er sell my honour for purple nor pall:
A maiden of England, sir, never will be
A Prince’s mere mistress,’ quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her own country she back did return,
Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn;
Therefore English captains of every degree
Sing forth the brave valour of Mary Ambree.

PROTHALAMION

OR, A SPOUSAL VERSE

In honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and virtuous ladies, the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Katherine Somerset, daughters to the Right Honourable the Earl of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthy gentlemen, Henry Gilford and William Peters, Esquires.

CALM was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glisten fair;
When I, whom sullen care
(Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows) did afflict my brain,
Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver streaming Thames;
Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorned with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow by the river's side,
 A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
 All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose untied,
 As each had been a bride ;
 And each one had a little wicker basket,
 Made of fine twigs, entrailèd curiously,
 In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
 And with fine fingers cropt full featously
 The tender stalks on high.
 Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
 They gathered some ; the violet pallid blue,
 The little daisy, that at evening closes,
 The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To deck their bridegrooms' posies
 Against the bridal day which was not long :
 Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
 Come softly swimming down along the lea ;
 Two fairer birds I never yet did see ;
 The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew
 Did never whiter shew,
 Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
 For love of Leda whiter did appear ;
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near ;
 So purely white they were,
 That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,



*With goodly, greenish locks, all loose untied,
As each had been a bride. Page 120.*

LAND OF
CALIFORNIA



Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as heaven's light,
Against their bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the crystal flood ;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still,
Their wondering eyes to fill ;
Them seemed they never saw a sight so fair,
Of fowls so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team ;
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather angels, or of angels' breed ;
Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
The earth did fresh array ;
So fresh they seemed as day,
Even as their bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,

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All which upon these goodly birds they threw
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem,
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
Scattered with flow'rs, through Thessaly they stream,
That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
Like a bride's chamber floor.
Two of these nymphs, meanwhile, two garlands bound
Of freshest flowers, which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crowned,
Whilst one did sing this lay :
Prepared against that day,
Against their bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

'Ye gentle birds ! the world's fair ornament,
And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
Doth lead unto your lover's blissful bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle heart's content
Of your loves' complement ;
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
Whose smile they say hath virtue to remove
All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
For ever to assoil.
Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plenty wait upon your board ;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitful issue may to you afford,

Which may your foes confound,
And make your joys redound
Upon your bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.'

So ended she ; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their bridal day should not be long :
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth these joyous birds did pass along
Adown the lea, that to them murmured low,
As he would speak, but that he lacked a tongue,
Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run slow.
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twain, that did excel
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they, enrangèd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame :
There when they came, whereas those bricky towers

The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
 There whylome wont the Templar Knights to bide,
 Till they decayed through pride :

Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
 Where oft I gainèd gifts and goodly grace
 Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
 Whose want too well now feels my friendless case ;
 But ah ! here fits not well
 Old woes, but joys, to tell
 Against the bridal day, which is not long :

Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
 Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,
 Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did
 thunder,

And Hercules' two pillars standing near
 Did make to quake and fear :

Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry !
 That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victory,

And endless happiness of thine own name
 That promiseth the same ;

That through thy prowess, and victorious arms,
 Thy country may be freed from foreign harms ;

And great Elisa's glorious name may ring
 Through all the world filled with thy wide alarms,
 Which some brave muse may sing
 To ages following,

Upon the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
In th' ocean billows he hath bathèd fair,
Descended to the river's open viewing,
With a great train ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any queen,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seemed in sight,
Which deck the baldrick of the heavens bright ;
They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
Received those two fair brides, their love's delight ;
Which at th' appointed tide,
Each one did make his bride
Against their bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

EDMUND SPENSER.

TAKE, OH! TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again.
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE LEVELLER

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds :
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE ROSE

A ROSE as fair as ever saw the North
Grew in a little garden all alone ;
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth,
Nor fairer garden yet was never known :
The maidens danced about it morn and noon,
And learned bards of it their ditties made,
The nimble fairies by the pale-faced moon
Watered the root and kissed her pretty shade ;
But, well-a-day, the gardener careless grew,
The maids and fairies both were kept away,
And in a drought the caterpillars threw
Themselves upon the bud and every spray.
God shield the stock ! If heaven send no supplies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies.

WILLIAM BROWNE.



*A rose as fair as ever saw the North
Grew in a little garden all alone. Page 128.*

THE
END OF
THE
WORLD



THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF
BEDNALL-GREEN

PART THE FIRST

It was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a fair daughter of beauty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
For none was so comely as pretty Bessee.

And though she was of favour most fair,
Yet seeing she was but a poor beggar's heir,
Of ancient housekeepers despisèd was she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessy did say,
'Good father, and mother, let me go away
To seek out my fortune whatever it be.'
This suit then they granted to pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of beauty so bright,
All clad in grey russet, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted she;
Who sighèd and sobbèd for pretty Bessee.

She went till she came to Stratford-le-Bow;
Then knew she not whither, nor which way to go:
With tears she lamented her hard destiny,
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessee.

R

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She kept on her journey until it was day,
And went unto Romford along the highway ;
Where at the ' Queen's Arms ' entertained was she :
So fair and well favoured was pretty Bessee.

She had not been there a month to an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend :
And every brave gallant that once did her see,
Was straightway enamoured of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daily her love was extolled ;
Her beauty was blazèd in every degree ;
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Romford in her had their joy ;
She showed herself courteous and modestly coy ;
And at her commandement still would they be ;
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

Four suitors at once unto her did go ;
They cravèd her favour, but still she said no ;
' I would not wish gentles to marry with me ' ;
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessee.

The first one of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the night ;
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooèd and suèd for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suitor and proper withal :
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessee.

And, 'If thou wilt marry with me,' quoth the knight,
'I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight ;
My heart so enthralled is by thy beauty,
That soon I shall die for pretty Bessee.'

The gentleman said, 'Come marry with me,
As fine as a lady my Bessy shall be :
My life is distressed : O hear me,' quoth he ;
'And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessee.'

'Let me be thy husband,' the merchant would say,
'Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.'

Then Bessy she sighèd, and thus did she say,
'My father and mother I mean to obey ;
First get their good will, and be faithful to me,
And you shall enjoy your pretty Bessee.'

To every one this answer she made,
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said,
'This thing to fulfil we all do agree ;
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee ? '

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‘ My father,’ she said, ‘ is soon to be seen :
The silly blind beggar of Bednall-Green,
That daily sits begging for charity,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

‘ His marks and his tokens are known very well ;
He always is led with a dog and a bell :
A silly old man, God knoweth, is he,
Yet he is the father of pretty Bessee.’

‘ Nay then,’ quoth the merchant, ‘ thou art not for me !’
‘ Nor,’ quoth the innholder, ‘ my wife thou shalt be.’
‘ I loathe,’ said the gentle, ‘ a beggar’s degree,
And therefore adieu, my pretty Bessee.’

‘ Why then,’ quoth the knight, ‘ hap better or worse,
I weigh not true love by the weight of a purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree ;
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

‘ With thee to thy father forthwith I will go.’
‘ Nay soft,’ quoth his kinsman, ‘ it must not be so ;
A poor beggar’s daughter no lady shall be ;
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessee.’

But soon after this, by break of the day
The knight had from Romford stole Bessee away.
The young men of Romford, as thick as might be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessee.

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,
Until they came near unto Bednall-Green ;
And as the knight lighted most courteously,
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came speedily over the plain,
Or else the young knight for his love had been slain.
This fray being ended, then straightway we see
His kinsman come railing at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, ' Although I be poor,
Yet rail not against my child at my own door :
Though she be not deckèd in velvet and pearl,
Yet will I drop angels with you for my girl.

' And then, if my gold may better her birth
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neither rail nor grudge you to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.

' But first you shall promise, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop shall all be your own.'
With that they replied, ' Contented be we.'
' Then here 's,' quoth the beggar, ' for pretty Bessee.'

With that an angel he cast on the ground,
And droppèd in angels full three thousand pound ;
And oftentimes it was provèd most plain,
For the gentleman's one, the beggar dropped twain :

So that the place, wherein they did sit,
 With gold it was coverèd every whit.
 The gentlemen then having dropped all their store,
 Said, 'Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more.

'Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.'
 'Then marry,' quoth he, 'my girl to this knight;
 And here,' added he, 'I will now throw you down
 A hundred pounds more to buy her a gown.'

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seen,
 Admirèd the beggar of Bednall-Green :
 And all those that were her suitors before,
 Their flesh then for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Bessee matched to the knight,
 And then made a lady in others' despite :
 A fairer lady there never was seen
 Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bednall-Green.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
 What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
 The second fitt shall set forth in your sight
 With marvellous pleasure, and wishèd delight.

PART THE SECOND

Of a blind beggar's daughter most bright,
 That late was betrothed unto a young knight ;
 All the discourse thereof you did see ;
 But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the credit of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties and delicates sweet
Were brought for the banquet, as it was most meet ;
Partridge and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
So that a great number thereto did resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree ;
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant young knight ;
His bride followed after, an angel most bright,
With troops of ladies, the like ne'er was seen
As went with sweet Bessy of Bednall-Green.

This marriage being solemnized then,
With music performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,
Each one admiring the beautiful bride.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talk and to reason a number begun :
They talked of the blind beggar's daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

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Then spake the nobles, 'Much marvel have we,
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see.'
'My lords,' quoth the bride, 'my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.'

'The praise of a woman in question to bring
Before her own face, were a flattering thing;
But we think thy father's baseness,' quoth they,
'Might by thy beauty be clean put away.'

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar clad in a silk cloak;
A fair velvet cap and a feather had he,
And now a musician forsooth he would be.

He had a dainty lute under his arm,
He touchèd the strings, which made such a charm,
Says, 'Please you to hear any music of me,
I'll sing you a song of pretty Bessee.'

With that his lute he twangèd straightway,
And thereon began most sweetly to play;
And after that lessons were played two and three,
He strained out this song most delicately:

'A poor beggar's daughter there dwelt on a green,
Who for her fairness might well be a queen:
A blithe bonny lass and a dainty was she,
And many one callèd her pretty Bessee.'



*Like to those garden-glories which here be
The flowery-sweet resemblances of thee. Page 141.*

THE
GARDEN
OF
CALIFORNIA



'Her father he had no goods, nor no land,
But begged for a penny all day with his hand;
And yet to her marriage he gave thousands three,
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

'And if any one here her birth do disdain,
Her father is ready with might and with main,
To prove she is come of noble degree:
Therefore never flout at pretty Bessee.'

With that the lords and the company round
With hearty laughter were ready to swound.
At last said the lords, 'Full well we may see,
The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee.'

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearlie drops standing within her fair eyes.
'O pardon my father, grave nobles,' quoth she,
'That through blind affection thus doteth on me.'

'If this be thy father,' the nobles did say,
'Well may he be proud of this happy day;
Yet by his countenance well may we see
His birth and his fortune did never agree:

'And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
(And look that the truth thou to us do say,)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may be;
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.'

‘Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
And if that it may not win good report,
Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

‘Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall be ;
Once chief of all the great barons was he,
Yet fortune so cruel this lord did abase,
Now lost and forgotten are he and his grace.

‘When the barons in arms did King Henry oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose ;
A leader of courage undaunted was he,
And ofttimes he made their enemy flee.

‘At length in the battle on Evesham plain
The barons were routed, the Montfort was slain ;
Most fatal that battle did prove unto thee,
Though thou wast not born then, my pretty Bessee !

‘Along with the nobles that fell at that tide,
His eldest son Henry, who fought by his side,
Was felled by a blow he received in the fight !
A blow that deprived him for ever of sight.

‘Among the dead bodies all lifeless he lay,
Till evening drew on of the following day,
When by a young lady discovered was he ;
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessee !

' A baron's fair daughter stepped forth in the night
To search for her father who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he lay,
Was movèd with pity and brought him away.

' In secret she nursed him, and 'suagèd his pain,
While he through the realm was believed to be slain :
At length his fair bride she consented to be,
And made him glad father of pretty Bessee.

' And now lest our foes our lives should betray,
We clothèd ourselves in beggar's array ;
Her jewels she sold, and hither came we :
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessee.

' And here have we livèd in fortune's despite,
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight :
Full forty winters thus have I been
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-Green.

' And here, noble lords, is ended the song
Of one that to your own rank did belong :
And thus have you learnèd a secret from me,
That ne'er had been known but for pretty Bessee.'

Now when the fair company every one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had shown,
They all were amazèd, as well they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessee.

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With that the fair bride they all did embrace,
Saying, 'Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to be.'

Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight,
A bridegroom most happy then was the young knight,
In joy and felicity long livèd he,
All with his fair lady, the pretty Bessee.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN

MISTRESS SUSANNA HERRICK

WHEN I consider, dearest, thou dost stay
But here awhile, to languish and decay,
Like to those garden-glories which here be
The flowery-sweet resemblances of thee :
With grief of heart, methinks, I thus do cry,
Would thou hadst ne'er been born, or might'st not die.

ROBERT HERRICK.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

LOVE me not for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face,
 Nor for any outward part,
 No, nor for a constant heart,
 For these may fail, or turn to ill,
 So thou and I shall sever :
 Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
 And love me still, but know not why !
 So hast thou the same reason still
 To doat upon me ever.

ANON.

TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine :
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me :
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON.

THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hath done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
 Fear not slander, censure rash ;
 Thou hast finished joy and moan :
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have ;
 And renownèd be thy grave !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



*Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.* Page 145.



THE PICTURE OF T. C. IN A PROSPECT
OF FLOWERS

SEE with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days !
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers and gives them names,
But only with the roses plays,
 And them does tell
What colours best become them and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the Gods was born ?
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.

 Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

O then let me in time compound
And parley with those conquering eyes
Ere they have tried their force to wound ;
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise,
 Let me be laid,
Where I may see the glories from some shade.

T

Meantime, when every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the spring ;
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair ;
And roses of their thorns disarm ;
 But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure.

But O, young beauty of the woods,
Whom nature courts with fruits and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours,
 And ere we see,
Nip, in the blossom, all our hopes in thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBEY

THE fifteenth day of July,
 With glistening spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
 Was foughten in the field ;
The most courageous officers
 Were English captains three ;
But the bravest man in battle
 Was brave Lord Willoughbey.

The next was Captain Norris,
 A valiant man was he ;
The other, Captain Turner,
 From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
 Alas ! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then
 Upon the bloody shore.

‘Stand to it, noble pikemen,
 And look you round about ;
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
 And we will keep them out.
You musquet and caliver men,
 Do you prove true to me ;
I’ll be the foremost man in fight,’
 Says brave Lord Willoughbey.

And then the bloody enemy,
 They fiercely did assail,
 And fought it out most furiously,
 Not doubting to prevail.
 The wounded men on both sides fell,
 Most piteous for to see,
 Yet nothing could the courage quell ✓
 Of brave Lord Willoughbey.

For seven hours, to all men's view,
 This fight endured sore,
 Until our men so feeble grew
 That they could fight no more :
 And then upon dead horses
 Full savoury they ate,
 And drank the puddle water—
 They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
 They kneelèd on the ground,
 And praised God devoutly
 For the favour they had found ;
 And beating up their colours,
 The fight they did renew,
 And turning towards the Spaniard,
 A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows
 And bullets thick did fly ;
 Then did our valiant soldiers
 Charge on most furiously :

Which made the Spaniards waver—
They thought it best to flee ;
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughbey.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
‘ Come, let us march away :
I fear we shall be spoilèd all
If here we longer stay ;
For yonder comes Lord Willoughbey,
With courage fierce and fell ;
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.’

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight.
Our men pursued courageously,
And caught their forces quite.
But at the last they gave a shout,
Which echoed through the sky ;
‘ God and St. George for England !’
The conquerors did cry.

The news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious Queen was told
Of this same victory.
‘ O this is brave Lord Willoughbey,
My love that ever won ;
Of all the lords of honour,
’Tis he great deeds hath done.’

To the soldiers that were maimèd ✓
And wounded in the fray,
The Queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day ;
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free ;
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughbey.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed,
If that we be but one to ten
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our nation free.
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughbey.

BROKEN CHARMS

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
Then thrice three times tie up this true love's knot,
And murmur soft, 'She will or she will not!'

Go, burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,
That all my fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies, dance with me a round,
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise,
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

THOMAS CAMPION.

AN ODE TO MASTER ANTHONY STAFFORD
TO HASTEN HIM INTO THE COUNTRY

COME, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in grey,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad :
Farewell, you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war ;
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows mad.

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise ;
Or to make sport
For some slight puisne of the Inns-of-Court.
Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day ?
With what delights
Shorten the nights ?
When from this tumult we are got secure,



Whose brown hath lovelier grace
 Than any painted face
 That I do know
 Hyde Park can show. Page 153.

THE
 END OF
 THE
 WORLD



Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
 Yet shall no finger lose ;¹
 Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.

There from the tree
 We'll cherries pluck and pick the strawberry,
 And every day
 Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,
 Whose brown hath lovelier grace
 Than any painted face
 That I do know
 Hyde Park can show,
 Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
 (Though some of them in greater state
 Might court my love with plate)
 The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard Street.

But think upon
 Some other pleasures : these to me are none.
 Why do I prate
 Of women, that are things against my fate ?
 I never mean to wed
 That torture to my bed.
 My muse is she
 My love shall be—
 Let clowns get wealth and heirs ; when I am gone
 And the great bugbear, grisly death,
 Shall take this idle breath,
 If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

¹ Referring to the loss of one of his own fingers in a duel.

Of this no more ;
 We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store,
 No fruit shall 'scape
 Our palates, from the damson to the grape,
 Then (full) we'll seek a shade,
 And hear what music's made ;
 How Philomel
 Her tale doth tell,
 And how the other birds do fill the quire :
 The thrush and blackbird lend their throats
 Warbling melodious notes ;
 We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

 Ours is the sky,
 Whereat what fowl we please our hawk shall fly :
 Nor will we spare
 To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare ;
 But let our hounds run loose
 In any ground they'll choose,
 The buck shall fall,
 The stag, and all :
 Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
 For to my muse, if not to me,
 I'm sure all game is free :
 Heaven, earth, all are but parts of her great royalty.

 And when we mean
 To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
 And drink by stealth
 A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,

I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody ;
Which he that hears
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all his brain ;
Then I another pipe will take
And Doric music make,
To civilise with graver notes our wits again.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

MORNING SONG

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow ;
 Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow :
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
 Bird, prune thy wing ; nightingale, sing,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 To give my love good-morrow
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow,
 And from each bill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow ;
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
 Stare, linnet and cock-sparrow,
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
 Sing my fair love good-morrow.
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

BEAUTY ASLEEP

SLEEP, angry beauty, sleep and fear not me !

For who a sleeping lion dares provoke ?
It shall suffice me here to sit and see

Those lips shut up that never kindly spoke :
What sight can more content a lover's mind
Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind ?

My words have charmed her, for secure she sleeps,
Though guilty much of wrong done to my love,
And in her slumber, see ! she close-eyed weeps.

Dreams often more than waking passions move—
Plead, Sleep, my cause, and make her soft like thee,
That she in peace may wake and pity me.

THOMAS CAMPION.

THE NEW JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of the saints !
 O sweet and pleasant soil !
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
 There envy bears no sway ;
 There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
 But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
 Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
 Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 With carbuncles do shine ;
 Thy very streets are paved with gold,
 Surprising clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring ;
There evermore the angels sit
And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*,
With tones surpassing sweet ;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

ANON. (1601.)

THE FROLICSOME DUKE;
OR, THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE¹

Now, as Fame does report, a young Duke keeps a Court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicsome sport,
But amongst all the rest, here is one, I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true
jest:

A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The Duke said to his men: 'William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.'
O'er a horse he was laid, and with sport soon conveyed
To the palace, although he was poorly arrayed;
Then they stripped off his clothes, both his shirt, shoes
and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pulled off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
They did give him clean holland, this was no hurt;
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning, when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

¹ Shakespeare is believed to have drawn the Christopher Sly interlude in 'The Taming of the Shrew' from the prose story (1570) on which this old ballad also is founded.



*Our lady sings Magnificat,
With tones surpassing sweet. Page 159.*

THE
MAGNIFICAT
OF
THE VIRGIN MARY



Now, he lay something late in his rich bed of state,
 Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait;
 And the chamberlain bare¹ then did likewise declare
 He desired to know what apparel he'd wear.
 The poor tinker amazed on the gentleman gazed,
 And admired how he to this honour was raised.

Though he seemed something mute, yet he chose a rich
 suit,
 Which he straightways put on without longer dispute;
 With a star on his side, which the tinker oft eyed,
 And it seemed for to swell him no little with pride,
 For he said to himself: 'Where is Joan, my sweet wife?
 Sure, she never did see me so fine in her life!'

From a convenient place the right Duke, his good grace,
 Did observe his behaviour in every case.
 To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
 Trumpets sounding before him; thought he: 'This is
 great!'
 Where an hour or two pleasant walks he did view,
 With commanders and squires in scarlet and blue.

A fine dinner was drest both for him and his guests,
 He was placed at the table above all the rest,
 In a rich chair, or bed, lined with fine crimson red
 With a rich golden canopy over his head;
 As he sat at his meat the music played sweet,
 With the choicest of singing his joys to complete.

¹ cap in hand.

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While the tinker did dine he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary, with sherry and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roll
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the Duke did ordain they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again ;
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carried him straight where they found him
at first.

Then he slept all the night, as indeed he well might,
But when he did waken his joys took their flight.

For his glory supreme so pleasant did seem
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream ;
Till at length he was brought to the Duke, where he
sought

For a pardon, as fearing he'd set him at nought ;
But his highness he said : 'Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolic before I think never was played.'

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome joke,
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground :
'Thou shalt never,' said he, 'range the countries around
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan, thy sweet wife, shall my Duchess attend.'

Then the tinker replied : ' What ! must Joan, my sweet
bride,

Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride ?

Must we have gold and land every day at command ?

Then I shall be a squire I well understand :

Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case.'

ANON.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Now what is love I will thee tell :
It is the fountain and the well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell ;
It is perhaps the sansing bell
That rings all in to heaven and hell,
And this is love, and this is love, as I hear tell.

Now what is love I will you show :
A thing that creeps and cannot go ;
A prize that passeth to and fro ;
A thing for me, a thing for mo' :
And he that proves shall find it so,
And this is love, and this is love, sweet friend, I trow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

SWEET CONTENT

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?

O, sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?

O, punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?

O sweet content ! O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labour bears a lovely face ;

Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring ?

O, sweet content !

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own
tears ?

O, punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O sweet content ! O sweet content !

JOHN WEBSTER.

SIMPLICITY

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed :
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not mine heart.

BEN JONSON.

SWEET-AND-TWENTY

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming ?
O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'Tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
 What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MY LADY'S EYES

MISTRESS, since you so much desire
To know the place of Cupid's fire,
In your fair shrine that flame doth rest,
Yet never harboured in your breast.

It bides not in your lips so sweet,
Nor where the rose and lilies meet ;
But a little higher, a little higher,
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Even in those starry piercing eyes,
There Cupid's sacred fire lies ;
Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,
For they have power to destroy :

Nor woo I for a smile or kiss,
So meanly triumphs not my bliss ;
But a little higher, a little higher
I climb to crown my chaste desire.

THOMAS CAMPION.



*And think not on the narrow space
Between a cradle and a grave. Page 169.*

THE
END



DEATH

How weak a star doth rule mankind,
Which owes its ruin to the same
Causes which Nature had designed
To cherish and preserve the frame !

As Commonwealths may be secure
And no remote invasion dread,
Yet may a sadder fall endure
From traitors in their bosom bred :

So while we feel no violence
And on our active health do trust,
A secret hand doth snatch us hence
And tumbles us into the dust.

Yet carelessly we run our race
As if we could Death's summons wave ;
And think not on the narrow space
Between a cradle and a grave.

But since we cannot death reprieve,
Our souls and fame we ought to mind,
For they our bodies will survive ;
That goes beyond, this stays behind.

170 OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

If I be sure my soul is safe,
And that my actions will provide
My tomb a nobler epitaph
Than that I only lived and died ;

So that in various accidents
I conscience may and honour keep ;
I with that ease and innocence
Shall die, as infants go to sleep.

KATHERINE PHILIPS.

THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS

‘ O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while !
Methinks I see my own father
Come riding by the stile.

‘ O father, O father, a little of your gold
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree.’

‘ None of my gold now you shall have,
Nor likewise of my fee,
For I am come to see you hanged,
And hanged you shall be.’

‘ O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while !
Methinks I see my own mother
Come riding by the stile.

‘ O mother, O mother, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree.’

‘None of my gold now shall you have,
Nor likewise of my fee,
For I am come to see you hanged,
And hanged you shall be.’

‘O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own brother
Come riding by the stile.

‘O brother, O brother, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree.’

‘None of my gold now shall you have,
Nor likewise of my fee,
For I am come to see you hanged,
And hanged you shall be.’

‘O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own sister
Come riding by the stile.

‘O sister, O sister, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree.’

‘None of my gold now shall you have,
Nor likewise of my fee,
For I am come to see you hanged,
And hanged you shall be.’

‘O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own true-love
Come riding by the stile.

‘O true-love, O true-love, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To save my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree.’

‘Some of my gold now shall you have,
And likewise of my fee,
For I am come to see you saved,
And saved you shall be.’

THE WAY OF LOVE

THE sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many,
The sky is full of stars, and love
As full of woes as any :
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal.
But O the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall !
Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so :

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
Tells truth without belief,
For headstrong youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief :
Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's confessor at the last.

ANON.

THE LOST HEART

Good folk, for gold or hire,
But help me to a crier,
For my poor heart is run astray
After two eyes that passed this way.
O yes, O yes, O yes !
If there be any man
In town or country can
Bring me my heart again,
I'll please him for his pain ;
And by these marks I will you show
That only I this heart do owe.

It is a wounded heart
Wherein yet sticks the dart,
Every pierce sore hurt throughout it,
Faith and troth writ round about it ;
It was a tame heart and a dear,
And never used to roam,
But having got this haunt I fear
'Twill hardly stay at home.
For God's sake, walking by the way,
If you my heart do see,
Either impound it for a stray
Or send it back to me.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

OLD AGE

AN EPILOGUE TO WALLER'S DIVINE POEMS

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite ;
The soul, with nobler resolutions decked,
The body stooping, does herself erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
So, calm are we when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made ;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER.



So, calm are we when passions are no more ! Page 176.

THE
CALIFORNIA



THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove the chance
 Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the King sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile ;
Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 'Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazèd,
 Yet have we well begun ;
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raisèd.

'And for myself,' quoth he,
 'This my full rest shall be :
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me,
 Victor I will remain,
 Or on this earth lie slain ;
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

'Poictiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our sword they fell ;
 No less our skill is
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies.'

The Duke of York so dread
 The eager vanward led ;
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen.

Excester had the rear—
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone ;
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that famous fight,
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;

Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry ;
O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

WHAT CARE I ?

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair ?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are ?

Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads of May ;
 If she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my silly heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind ?
 Or a well-disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature ?

Be she meeker, kinder than
 Turtle-dove or pelican ;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love ?
 Or her well deservings known
 Make me quite forget mine own ?

Be she with that goodness blest
 Which may merit name of best ;
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high
Shall I play the fool and die ?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward help she find,
 Thinks what with them he would do
 That without them dares her woo ;
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me (this believe)
I will die ere she shall grieve.
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go ;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be ?

GEORGE WITHER.

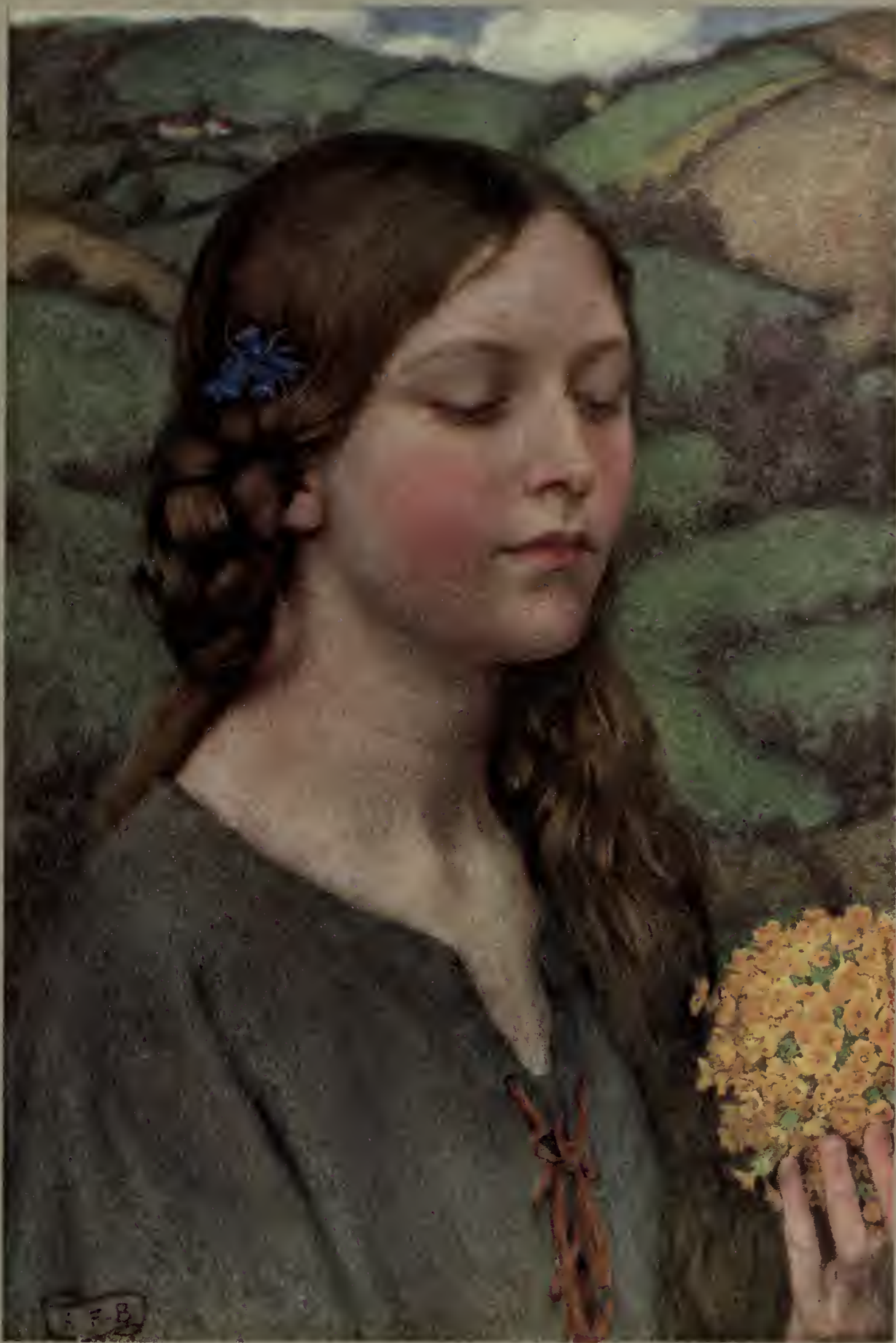
WHO IS SILVIA ?

Who is Silvia ? What is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair and wise is she ;
 The heavens such grace did lend her
 That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
 Love doth to her eyes repair
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
 That Silvia is excelling ;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :
 To her let us garlands bring.

· WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



*Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her? Page 184.*

THE
OF
CALIFORNIA



THE PLEA

KIND in unkindness, when will you relent
And cease with faint love true love to torment?
Still entertained, excluded still I stand,
Her glove still hold, but cannot touch her hand.

In her fair hand my hopes and comforts rest:
O might my fortunes with that hand be blest!
No envious breaths then my deserts could shake
For they are good whom such true love doth make.

O let not beauty so forget her birth
That it should fruitless home return to earth!
Love is the fruit of beauty, then love one—
Not your sweet self, for such self-love is none.

Love one that only lives in loving you,
Whose wronged deserts would you with pity view.
This strange distaste which your affection sways
Would relish love, and you find better days.

Thus till my happy sight your beauty views,
Whose sweet remembrance still my hope renews,
Let these poor lines solicit love for me
And place my joys where my desires would be.

THOMAS CAMPION.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnerie
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and armes I flie.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field ;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
 As you too shall adore :
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

ASK ME NO MORE

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars 'light
That downwards fall at dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CAREW.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen ;
 Oh ! things without compare ;
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou knowest) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs ;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not of our town,
 Forty, at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pestilent fine
(His beard no bigger though than mine)
 Walked on before the rest :
Our landlord looks like nothing to him ;
The king (God bless him !) 'twould undo him,
 Should he go still so drest.

At course-a-park, without a doubt,
He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i' the town,

Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But, wot you what? The youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him stayed;
Yet, by his leave (for all his haste),
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale;
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce),
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth, for out it must,
It looked like the great collar just
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But, oh! she dances such a way—
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone);
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Cath'rine pear
 (The side that's next the sun).

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
 Compared to that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly);
 But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon it gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get;
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

Passion o' me, how I run on!
 There's that that would be thought upon,
 I trow, besides the bride;
 The business of the kitchen's great,
 For it is fit that men should eat,
 Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
 And all the waiters in a trice
 His summons did obey;

Each serving-man with dish in hand
 Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
 Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
 What man of knife or teeth was able
 To stay to be entreated ?
 And this the very reason was,
 Before the parson could say grace
 The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
 Healths first go round, and then the house,
 The bride's came thick and thick ;
 And when 'twas named another's health,
 Perhaps he made it hers by stealth ;
 (And who could help it, Dick ?)

On the sudden, up they rise and dance ;
 Then sit again, and sigh, and glance ;
 Then dance again and kiss ;
 Thus several ways the time did pass,
 Whilst every woman wished her place,
 And every man wished his.

By this time all were stol'n aside,
 To counsel and undress the bride ;
 But that he must not know—
 And yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
 And did not mean to stay behind
 Above an hour or so.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying,
 And that same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 The nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer,
 But being spent, the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And, while ye may, go marry;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.



*Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying. Page 192.*

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THE SAD LOVER

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prithee why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prithee why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Prithee why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ; this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The devil take her !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

TO A ROSE

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

PHYLLIS

PHYLLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas,
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please :
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phyllis smiling
And beguiling
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas ! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her all her tricks,
Which though I see
I can't get free.
She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more ?

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

OF all the girls that are so smart
 There's none like pretty Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley :
 There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
 And through the streets doth cry them ;
 Her mother she sells laces long
 To such as please to buy them ;
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally !
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely ;
 My master comes like any Turk
 And bangs me most severely :
 But let him bang his bellyfull,
 I'll bear it all for Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named—
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money,
I'll hoard it up, and box and all
I'll give it to my honey ;
And would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,

And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley ;
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally—
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley !

HENRY CAREY.

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